

## SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vicepresident of the Metropolitan Oriental
Rug company of New York, thirsting for
romance, is in Calro on a business trip.
Horace Ryanne arrives at the hotel in
Cairo with a carefully guarded bundle.
Ryanne sells Jones the famous holy Yhiordes rug which he admits having stolefrom a pasha at Bagdad. Jones meets
Major Callahan and later is introduced to
Fortune Chedsoye by a woman to whom
he had loaned 150 pounds at Monte Carlo
some months previously, and who turns
out to be Fortune's mother Jones takes
Mrs. Chedsoye and Fortune to a polo
game. Fortune returns to Jones the
money borrowed by her mother. Mrs.
Chedsoye appears to be engaged in some
anysterious enterprise unknown to the
daughter. Ryanne interests Jones in the
United Romance and Adventure company, a concern which for a price will
arrange any kind of an adventure to order. Mrs. Chedsoys, her brother, Major
Callahan, Wallace and Ryanne, as the
United Romance and Adventure company,
plan a risky enterprise involving Jones.
Ryanne makes known to Mrs. Chedsoye
his intention to marry Fortune. Mrs.
Chedsoye declares she will not permit it.
Plans are laid to prevent Jones sailing
for home. Ryanne steals Jones' letters
and cable dispatches. He wires agent in
New York, in Jones' name, that he is
renting house in New York to some
friends. Mahomed, keeper of the holy
carpet, is on Ryanne's trail. Ryanne
promises Fortune that he will see that
Jones comes to no harm as a result of his
surchase of the rug. Mahomed accosts
Ryanne and demands the Yhiordes rug.
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New York, in Jones' name, that he is
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Jones comes to no harm as a result of his
surchase of the rug. Mahomed and his
edges that see stole the rug from Jones'
room. Fortune quarrels with her mother
when the latter refuses to explain her
mysterious actions. Fortune as a message purport dom which does not include her two companions. The caravan continues the journey toward Bandad. Ryanne tells Jones that Mrs. Chedsoye is the most adroit smuggler of the age, and is overheard by Fortune. The three captives are rescued by Henry Ackermann, who is in charge of a carpet caravan. Mahomed escapes. Mrs. Chedsoye discovers the absence of Fortune and leaves for New York, taking the girl's belongings with her. Through forged letters Mrs. Chedsoye, the major and their nocomplices take possession of Jones' New York home. Jones, Ryanne and Fortune arrive at Damascus. Ryanne fails in his resolution to lead a better life. Ryanne secretly leaves for New York.

CHAPTER XIX,-(Continued.) George came in under the time-limit of his adventure. He had been upon at least from a bachelor's point of reported it?" view. He carried two hand-bags. One

of these he deposited in Fortune's lap. "Shall I open it?" 'If you wish."

"Why should I be? I am human; I have slept and lived for days in a dress, and worn my hair down my back for lack of hairpins and combs. I am sure that it is a very nice nightgown."

Laughter overcame her. laughed, too; not because the situation appealed to him as laughable, but because there was something, an indefinable something, in that laugh ter of hers that made him wonderfully happy.

"Mr. Jones . "George," he interrupted determinedly.

"Brother George, it was very kind and thoughtful of you . Not one man in a thousand would have thought of -of . . . hair-pins!" More laugh-

"I didn't think of them; it was the clerk."

"He "She."

"Well, then, she will achieve great things," lightly, though her heart was full.

Tactfully he reached over and swep up the money.

"Shall I ever be able to repay you?" she sald.

"Yes, by letting me be your brother; by not deciding the future till we land in Naples; by letting me keep in touch with you, whatever your ultimate decision may be. That isn't Will you promise that?" "Yes."

They spoke no more of Ryanne. It was as though he had dropped out of their lives completely. To a certain extent he had. They were to meet him again, however, in the last act of this whimsical drama, which had drawn them both out of the commonplace and dropped them for a full spin upon the whirligig of life.

In due time they arrived at Alexan-There they found the great transatlantic liner, homeward bound. Ryanne would beat them into New York by ten days. He had picked up a boat of the P. & O. line at Port Said. sailing without stop to Marseilles. From there to Cherbourg was a trifling journey.

George knew the captain, and the captain not only knew George, but had known George's father before The young man went to the heart of the matter at once; and when he had finished his remarkable tale,

the captain lowered his cigar. "And all this happened in the year 1909-1910! If any one but you, Mr. Jones, had told me this, I'd have sent the most difficult errand imaginable, him ashore as a lunatic. You have

we've been through. If the news-



o'clock that evening, with only a handful of passengers for the trip to that for?" he cried. "What I was go-Naples. George had wired from Da-ing to say . . . "Fortune." sent on, and he saw it put aboard himself. Without letting Fortune know,

board rail, watching the slowly converging lights of the harbor. Fortune you a question till coffee. Then we'll had borrowed a cloak from her stew- thrash out the subject till there isn't ardess and George wore the mufti of a grain left." the first-officer. The captain had offered his, but George had declined. He would have been lost in its ample folds.

"I can not understand why they made no effort to find you," he mused. "It doesn't seem quite human."

"Don't you understand? It is aimple. My mother believes that Horace and I ran away together. If not that, I ran away myself, as I that day threatened to do. In either case, she saw nothing could be done in trying to find out where I had gone. Perhaps she knows exactly what did happen. Doubtless she has sent on my things to Mentone, which, of course, I shall never see again. No. no! I can not go back there. I have known the misery of suspense long enough." She lowered her head to the rail.

He came quite near to her. His arms went out toward her, only to drop down. He must wait. It was very hard. But nothing prevented his putting forth a hand to press hers reassuringly, and saying: "Don't do that, Fortune. It makes my heart ache to see a woman cry."

"I am not crying," came in muffled "I am only sad, and tired,

"Everything will come out all right in the end," he encouraged. "Of course you are tired. What woman wouldn't be, having gone through what you have? Here; let's sit in the steamer-chairs till the bugle blows for dinner. I'm a bit fagged out myself." They lay back in the chairs, and no

longer cared to talk. The lights twinkied, but fainter and fainter, till at last only the pale line between the sky and the sea remained. She turned her head and looked sharply at him. He was sound asleep. Poor boy!" she murmured softly. "How "What good would it do? We are care-worn!" There was something out 'x' it, and that's enough. More, grotesque in the mask of desert tan we do not want any one to know what and shaven skin. How patient he had been through it all, and how kind and gentle to her! She remembered now of seeing him that night in Cairo, and of remarking how young and fresh he seemed in comparison to the men she knew and had met. And she must leave him, to go into the world and fight her own battles. If God had but given to her a brother like this! But brother he never could be, no, not even in the pleasant sense of adoption. She did not want pity. . . . To think of his getting those things for her in Damascus! . . . Pity suggested that she was weak and helpless, whereas she knew that she was both patient and strong. . . . What did she want? She glanced up and down the deck. It was totally desert ed save for them. Then, "clad in the beauty of a thousand stars," she leaned over and down and brushed his hand with her lips.

And George slept on. Only the blare of the bugle brought him back to mundane affairs. He was hungry, and he announced the fact with gusto. They would dine well that night. The captain placed Fortune at his right and George at his left, and broached a bottle of fine old Johannisberger. And the three of them had coffee in the smoking-room. If the other passengers had any curiosity, they did not manifest it openly.

that they had no real Upon fi in Naples, the need of a y take the recaptain u He saw more turn voya g people, with than eithe those blu eyes of his. George pro im know within a dozen sailing. Certainly Fort cide one way or the oth time. Both ha Vesuvian bay r-failing love many time

and interes ed across the bay in the rness of the morning. with me." "You are me which in-George ann ferred that s was to be But, for all said upon his confiden a great and heavy fear t as he naked

inclosure at

ttoria. There

permission

Cook's, in th was a cable "Now, For "Have I e to call me b:

for mail at

"Have I?" "Then I

"What do you frighten a man like

"What I was going to say, Fortune, was this: Here is the cable from Morhe had also telegraphed the hotel to timer. I'm not going to open it till forward whatever she had left; but after dinner tonight. We'll go up to the return wire informed him that the Bertolini to dine. You'll stay Mrs. Chedsoye had taken everything, there for the night, while I put up at They were leaning against the star- the Bristol, which is only a little ways up the Corso. I'm not going to ask

> She made no protest. Secretly she was pleased to be bullied like this. It proved that among all these swarming peoples there was one interested in her welfare. But she knew in her heart what she was going to say when the proper time came. She did not wish to spoil his dinner. She was also going to put her courage to its suand bravely promise to pay him back. If she failed to pay it, it would be because she was dead. For she could not survive a comparison between herself and her mother. Here in Naples she might find something, an opportunity. She spoke French and Italian fluently; and in this crowded season of the year it would not be difficult to find a situation as a maid or companion. So long as she could earn a little honestly, she was not afraid. She was desperately resolved.

> Such a dinner! Long would she remember it; and longer still, how little either of them ate of it! She knew enough about these things to appreciate it. It must have cost a pretty penny. She smiled, she laughed, she jested; and always a battle to dam the uprising tears.

> The dining-room was filled; women in beautiful evening gowns and men in sober black. But the two young people were oblivious. Their fellowdiners, however, bent more than one glance in their direction. Ill-fitting clothes, to be sure, but it was observed that they are to the manner born. The girl was beautiful in a melancholy way, and the young man was well-bred and pleasant of feature, though oddly burned.

> Coffee. George produced the cable. It was still sealed. "You read it first," he said, passing

it across the table. Her hands shook as she ripped the sealed flap and opened the message.

She read. Her eyes gathered danger-

"I did not know that there lived such good and kindly men. Oh, thank him, thank him a thousand times for me. Read it." And she no longer

"Bring her home, and God bless you both. MORTIMER.

cared if any saw her tears.

"I knew it!" he cried exultantly. "He and my father were the finest two men in the world. The sky is all clear now.

"Is it?" sadly "Oh, I do not wish to pain you, but it is charity; and I am

"You refuse?" He could not believe "Yes. But when things grow dark,

and the day turns bitter, I shall always remember those words. I can see no other way. I must fight it out alone." Love makes a man dumb or eloquent; and as George saw all his treasured dreams fading swiftly, eloquence became his buckler in this bat-

Each time he paused for breath, she shook her head slowly. The diners were leaving in twos and fours, and presently they were all alone. Servants were clearing up the tables; there was a clatter of dishes and a tread of hurrying feet. They

tle of love unspoken and pride in arms.

noted it not. "Well, one more plea!" And he swept aside his self-imposed restric-"Will you come for my sake? tions. Because I am lonely and want you? Will you come for my sake?"

This time her head did not move. "Is it pity?" she whispered.

"Pity!" His hands gripped linen and the coffee-cups rattled. "No! it is not pity. Because you were lonely, because you had no one to turn to I could not in honor tell you. But now I do. Fortune, will you come for my sake, because I love you and want you always and always?" "I shall come."

CHAPTER XX.

March Haros

George, in that masterful way which was not wholly acquired, but which had been a latency till the episodic journey-George paid for the dinner, called the head-waiter and thanked him for the attention given it, and laid the dining-room the two young people, to themselves outwardly calm but inwardly filled with the Great Tumult, went to the diste after modiste was interviewed; manager's bureau and arranged for and Fortune at length found two mod- Puck.



her good night, and Fortune wondered if he would kiss her right here, before all these horrid cab-drivers.

"I shall call for you at nine," he said. "We've got to do some shopping.'

A tinkle of laughter.
"These ready-made suits are beginning to look like the deuce." "Do you rlways think of every

thing? "Well, what I don't remember, the clerk will," slyly. "Till recently I be-

lieve I never thought of anything. I must be off. It's too cold down here for you." He offered his hand nervously.

She gave her's freely. He looked into her marvelous eyes for a moment. Then he turned the palm upward and kissed it, lightly and loverly; and she drew it across his face, over his eyes, till it left in departing a caress upon his forehead. He stood up, breathing quickly, but not more so preme test; borrow a hundred pounds, than she. A little tableau. Then he jammed his battered fedora upon his head and strode up the Corso. He dared not turn. Had he done so, he his arms. She followed him with brave eyes; she saw him suddenly veer across the street and pause at the how, all earth's puzzles had that night been solved.

George lighted a cigar, doubtless the most costly weed to be found in George created a small riot by flingall Naples that night. The intermittent glowing of the end faintly outlined his face. Far away across the shimmering bay rose Capri in a kind of magic, amethystine transparency. The captain himself welcomed them A light or two twinkled where Sorrento lay. His gaze roved the half-circle, and finally rested upon the grim dark ash-heap. Vesuvius. Beauty, beauty however, still sat at the right and left everywhere; beauty in the sky, beauty was twenty-eight, and all these wonderful things had happened in a little that they were a bridal couple, and more than so many days! .

"God's in his heaven, All's right with the world!"

the air, careless as to where it fell, the passengers and the saloon-sitting. or that in falling it might set Naples So they moved in a sort of mystery on fire. It struck a roof somewhere below; a splutter of sparks, and all was dark again.

"I shall come." All through his dreams that night he heard it. "I shall come."

Next morning he notified the "Be careful!" he warned. "You've tain to retain their cabins. After that ward beam-rail. They were watching been brave so long; be brave a little they proceeded to storm the shops. for the occasional flicker of phosphor-

Fortune's room. This settled, Fortune | cis. These were pretty, and, being went down to the cavernous entrance models, quite inexpensive. Once, to bid George good night. They were George was forced to remain outside both diffident and shy, now that the in the carriage. It was in front of the great problem was solved. George was lingerle shop. He put away each repuzzled as to what to do in bidding ceipt, just like a husband upon his honeymoon. Later, receipts would mean as much, but from a different angle of vision. He bought so many violets that the carriage looked as though it were ready for the flower carnival. He laughingly disregarded her protests. It was the Song of Songs

"My shopping is done," she said at last, dropping the bundles upon the carriage floor, "Now, it is your turn." You have forgotten a warm steam-

er-cloak," he reminded her. 'So I have!'

This oversight was easily remedied; and then George sought the tailor shops for ready-made clothes. He had more difficulty than Fortune; readymade suits were not the easiest things to find in Naples. By noon, however. he had acquired a Scotch woolen for day wear and a fairly decent dinner suit, along with other necessities. "Well, I say!" he murmured, struck

by a revealing thought. "Have you forgotten anything?"

"No. On the contrary, I've just remembered something. I've got all I need or want in my steamer-trunk; must have gone back and taken her in and till this minute I never once thought of it.'

How they laughed! Indeed, so high were their spirits that they would parapet. It was then that she be- have laughed at any inconsequent came conscious of the keenness of thing. They lunched at the Gamthe night-wind. She went in Some- brinus, and George mysteriously bought up all the pennies from the hunchback tobacco vendor. Later, as they bowled along the sea-front, ing pennies to small boys and whining beggars. At five they went aboard the ship, which was to leave at sundown, some hours ahead of scheduled time. as they climbed the swaying ladder. There were a hundred first-class passengers for the final voyage. The two, of the captain; but the table was upon earth, in his heart and mind. He filled, and they maintained a guarded prattle. Every one at once assumed watched them with tolerant amusement. The captain had considerately left their names off the passenger He flung the half-finished cigar into list as published for the benefit of which rough weather prevented being solved.

One night, when the sea lay calm and the air was caressingly mild, George and Fortune had gone forward and were leaning over the starboardrail where it meets and joins the for-



They Stormed the Shops; Irresponsible Children, Beth of Them.

They were like March hares; trrespon- | escence, Their shoulders touched, and sible children, both of them. What did propriety matter? What meaning had circumspection? They two were all alone; the rest of the world didn't count. It never had counted to either of them. Certainly they should have gone to a parsonage; Mrs. Grundy would prudently have suggested it. The trivialities of convention, however, had no place at that moment in a generous tip upon the cover. From their little Eden. They were a law un-

Into twenty shops they went; mo-

George's hand lay protectingly over hers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Hadn't the Heart to Do It. Grouchy Patron-Goodness, man Why don't you rid this place of flies? There must be a million of them!

Restaurant Proprietor-Sorry, sir, but I can't. Kind of a sentiment, you see. The money that gave me my start here came as a prize in a contest in which I swatted 3,646 mere files than my nearest competitori-



"Everything Will Come Out All Right in the End," He Encouraged.

her immediate curiosity was not to be | no living." denied. She slipped the catch and stale, a manieure-set, a pair of soft ter. You have not told me all?" woolen slippers, and . . . She glanced up quickly. The faintest rose stole under her cheeks. It was droll; At was pathetically funny. She would

making the purchases. "You are not offended?" he staw-

She noted his embarrassment, and | papers got hold of it, there would be

"You leave it to me," said the biglooked inside. There were combs and hearted German. "From here to Nabrushes, soap and tooth-powder and ples she shall be as mine own daugh-"No; only what I had of necessity to

tell." "Well, you know best. I shall do my share to make her feel at home. have given worlds to have seen him | She is as pretty as a flower."

To this George agreed, but not ver The steamer weighed anchor at mx